

Twelve Tribes, The Train Bridge

Welcome to the inside
The dim light of revolution personified
Where your god is an assortment of colors and lines
In the city some days I hear the train coming
Like a three fold armageddon swallowing time

I feel the ocean coming alive
The rain falls like gunfire
And the sky falls apart
You are not who you say you are
I am counterfeit

We live on top of the most beautiful world
It's not real, we're running out of time as it is

I am counterfeit
Save your breath, save your breath
There are some places where the beauty does not reach
The rain storms flood the dead streets with innocent blood
Drowning your salvation in the undertow of your god
What have you become

I remember to tread water
I'm not breathing in
(Your sins show who you really are)
As I feel the ocean coming alive
I am less human inside

The streets run with the blood of the sanctified
Nothing has ever felt so cold as the silence tonight
In the city some days I hear the train coming
I am waiting to destroy this image of life

We live on top of the most beautiful world
It's not real, we're running out of time as it is
My name will crash these walls
And you will know my name is revolution
For the last time